A Tumble Out of a Pony Cart Into Matrimony

From the French of Marie Thery.

MY DEAR GERMAINE: Do you remember my telling you that he would surely follow me here? Well, he has!

The first time I saw him I knew immediately that he was a man who succeeded in winning whatever he set out for; but I never guessed how Fate would help him. Such an adventure, my dear, and so utterly ridiculous that I cannot help laughing whenever I think of it!

But I must begin at the beginning and not spoil a good story by telling it backward. It all began on that momentous Sunday, a Sunday unique in a hundred years.

It is a heavy burden for a country curé to undertake the mental, moral and physical culture of two poor, motherless nieces, but our good uncle staggers beneath its weight only at the time of our vacation. The money sacrifice which our education at a first class finishing school costs him is nothing in comparison to the worry and fuss of the months we spend at the parsonage.

I adore it here in the parsonage. The roses grow all over the low walls—I can gather them from my window—and below a brilliant border of zinnias looks like the border of a multicolored patchwork quilt. All around the potato patch is a luscious bed of strawberries, the best in all France, I am sure.

My good uncle loves us tenderly, and our happiness in this world and the next is certainly his dearest aim. The only trouble is that his ideas of happiness do not resemble mine. They are, in fact, extremely different.

Marguerite, you see, is quite my uncle's ideal of what a girl ought to be. The only thing she cares about is to graduate with every possible honor and finally get some position as school mistress in a poky little forgotten corner of the world.

She cares nothing for life as other people live it, while I—oh! I should like to live with a capital L. But it appears that life under such conditions becomes dangerous and even naughty.

In clothes, as everything else, Marguerite and I are widely different in our tastes. She loves grays and violets with severe collars and straight ties, while I love white, with flowers and ribbons, and I adore jewels and sweet scented things. And it was the difference from my nun-like sister that first got me into hot water on that memorable Sunday.

My uncle was just starting for high mass when we came down stairs, Marguerite and I. I should have preferred not to have met M. le curé until we were in church, being anxious as to the effect my toilette would produce on him.

Marguerite had already greeted me with a sarcastic, "H'm! How swell you are!" And I knew that the curé did not like swellness.

He looked us over with a kindly, gentle glance that betrayed its partiality for my elder sister's dress of gray cashmere, with its sombre black dots, and his face was comically apprehensive when he came to my white serge dress—you know how becoming it is—with sleeves that are nearly elbow length.

"What, is it possible that you are going to church with bare arms!" he asked.

"Oh! no, uncle," I replied, hastily. "I have some gloves. See, they are very long ones."

As I held them in my hand it was not impossible to hide them. The good curé looked more troubled than ever.

"Do you mean to wear black gloves as long as those with a white dress?" he persisted.

"Yes, indeed, it is the proper thing," I replied boldly.

He took his hat and set out without a word, and I followed quickly in order to avoid the comments of old Ursula, the housekeeper, who would be sure to protest even further against my gloves.

I reached the church without other incident. On the porch beside the bucket that serves as a holy water vessel for the faithful—the other is broken and church funds are low—sitting close to that fatal bucket, I saw—him.

I was not really surprised. He has appeared everywhere I have been this summer, but so far we have not met. * * *

It seems that the curé's niece is a difficult person to meet. Because of her uncle, I suppose.

I felt queerly, somehow, when I saw him sitting there, and I hastened to dip my hand into the holy water bucket. To my horror, it was full and overflowing, and I wet my arm to the very elbow.

The water filled the crevices of my kid glove, puffed it out miles beyond its natural size and then slowly filtered through the ends of the fingers—drip, drip, splash and drip. Some one laughed behind me.

That put me on my dignity and I haughtily made the sign of the cross, which caused a perfect torrent to emerge along my arm. Then I went inside.

But my troubles were scarcely begun. The dye from my glove was beginning to run by this time—down on my new white dress. I knew it would be impossible to get the stains out.

I did not dare take off my gloves and sit barearmed in church, neither did I dare go home. I knelt stiffly on the floor, both arms straight out before me.

I was sure that he was somewhere behind me, enjoying my predicament. Marguerite laughed and laughed. It was the first time I had ever seen her laugh in church.

When I finally reached home my good uncle preached a second sermon, taking as text the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. It was preached to an audience of one.

I think he was really tempted to punish me, as he had done in years gone by. He did not, however, and I went to vespers in the afternoon dressed in as sombre a gray dress as ever Marguerite wore.

Upon our return we found M. Moineau, and his pretty wife with their English dogcart waiting at the gate to take my sister and me for a drive.

Uncle objected a little at first, but I did not listen to him and jumped to my seat behind. Marguerite hesitated also, and she, too, was echoing the curé's "I am afraid that ——" when I looked at her so entreatingly that she was silent and mounted to her place beside me.

"Remember what I told you, Marguerite," said my uncle, prophetically.

It was a beautiful day, the road was shaded by tall trees, bright flowers grew in the fields, the sun shone warmly and nothing was lacking that might add to our pleasure. The only thing to trouble our serenity was the two facts that the pony M. Moineau was driving was very lively and skittish and the road was very bumpy and uneven, owing to its recent improvements.

I forgot to tell you that when we started M. Moineau wrapped Marguerite and me together in a big clinging dust robe, a fact that made us feel more secure as we bumped over the high ruts.

Presently we came to a very steep hill. Our careful host seized the reins in both hands and everything was going as finely as possible, though Marguerite and I were clinging tightly to each other, when out of the willow border along the road came a man armed with a long fishing pole.

The pony shied violently at the unexpected apparition. The dogcart swung violently to one side and, like two balls hit by a tennis racquet, Marguerite and I bounced out of the cart.

Stupefied, too astonished even to cry out, we sat there in the dusty road, still carefully wrapped in the carriage robe!

Suddenly a realizing sense of our position reached me and I began to laugh, laughing until I was too weak to sit up, while Marguerite at my side moaned in a faint little voice: "Oh! my uncle told me so! My uncle told me so!"

I think we should still have been sitting there now, I laughing, she lamenting, if the involuntary author of our mishap had not hastened to our aid.

Of course, you have already guessed who he was—the fisherman.

He hastened to lift us up and unwind us from our covering. Marguerite still kept up her refrain: "Oh! my uncle told me so!"

"For mercy's sake, what did he tell you?" I demanded as soon as I could speak.

"He told me that we would certainly come to grief with that pony," she replied.

"Come to grief!" I protested, with an involuntary glance at the man at my side.

"Oh! do not say that," he cried, eagerly.

Marguerite looked coldly at him and we started in silence to climb the hill where M. Moineau, unconscious of having "sown good seed in rocky places," had just arrived at the top. Our escort offered me his arm. I did not dare refuse.

"So you have changed your gloves," he said jokingly.

"How unkind of you, monsieur," I cried.

He asked forgiveness and complimented me on my white dress. Then he presented himself, Count Marcel de Bigur, and said that he had just bought a country place very near our village. And he told me, too, that he had sought in vain for a way to meet me ever since he arrived.

Just then M. Moineau came hurrying back, anxiety in every line of his face.

"Gracious," he cried, "why didn't you tell me you wanted to get out?"

The conclusion may be told in two words, dear Germaine, for I have written enough to fill a book.

The next day after that eventful Sunday the Count came to inquire for our health. It might have been such a serious accident, you know. And serious indeed it was, so far as I was concerned, for that flying tumble from the back of the dog-cart landed me, without my knowledge, in the wonderful net of matrimony! Marguerite still cries: "My uncle told me so!" but they all seem nearly as happy as I am.

Always your devoted
BLANCHE

JUSTICE IN SECLUSION.

Magistrate Pool Finds Repose Under Jefferson Market Clock.

Magistrate Pool held court last week in the private room under the red clock tower of Jefferson Market. In the old court room the bench was deserted. No infallible arbiter of the lesser destinies sat behind it. No John Foley, holder of the scales—and sometimes he throws a good word into the merciful side—stood before it. No prisoner, trembling, defiant, or indifferent, waited at the iron bar with the light from the high narrow windows searching out the lines on the brow that give the lie to the lips' denial. The stale and pitiful excuse of drunkards or women of the streets is no longer heard, and the accusing voice of the man with the shield on his coat is hushed. Only the recurrent roar of the elevated trains outside the windows invades the Magistrate's court.

The clerks sit behind the bench writing complaints, with a policeman or two on the other side. The policemen wear their helmets now, and the plain clothes men their hats. On the other side of the high iron lattice the benches are filled with witnesses and petitioners of every sort.

A twisted passageway, straight and narrow, but many there be that find it, leads from the old court room into the new. The newness is not obvious. Two tables, placed at right angles, fill up most of the room. Both are relics of the black walnut age. Magistrate Pool sits at the shorter table, which is under the gothic, stained glass windows. The prisoners approach the angle formed by the two tables. They never arrive at the angle, for they are blocked by two broad based armchairs. Rather, they used to be chairs; but now, like Bottom, they are translated. They are the bar and John Foley is the bartender.

If a witness from Harlem or the south side attempts to sit down in one of those guardian chairs, Foley whirls the chair about with one hand and the witness about with the other.

"Officer," said Magistrate Pool, after one of these performances, "can't you turn those chairs upside down, or do something to them?"

"No, Judge, what's the good?" returned Foley. "Ain't I watching 'em? I won't let them do any hurt."

But, after long watching, John decided that the Magistrate was right. He is not a creature of set notions.

"We'll try standin' 'em on their heads," says John. So over they went with their guardian legs waving wildly in the air. They look like a colonial stockade, but they are still the bar.

The light from the gothic windows falls on the ancient tables, revealing, but not harshly, the many marks of honorable age and the long knife wounds in the ink tops. Magistrate Pool guards the tables while John watches over the bar. One prisoner brushed the black walnut with unhallowed garments.

"Get away from our furniture," commanded the Magistrate.

Prisoners are brought in to this silent reliquary of justice one by one. Now and again a muffled objurgation comes from without, but these are lost in the cold official air. Even the language of the market place cannot live here.

"He done it," said a careless witness.

"Did it," corrected Magistrate Pool.

"We was fightin'," declared a small boy, with his mind on the combat.

"Fighting," comes the voice of authority, with emphasis on the "ing."

There are many minds as to the desirability of the changed court. Perhaps the most vital statement of the situation is that of Clerk Klein. Mr. Klein returned from a vacation in his native Germany not long ago. The Emperor, it is privately rumored, begged him to give up the use of the English language.

"No, your Matchesty," said Klein, "I couldn't consent to such a sagrifice, even to blease you. I vill trink mit you in Deutsch, but the English lankwitch iss the most gomfortable lankwitch in which to chew tobacco on earth."

This is what Klein says about the innovation in Jefferson Market:

"Too many microbes in here for the Church's health. Besides, he has it more quiet in the odder room and he can accumulate his thoughts better. Besides, ve can speak louder out here, and it is much easier therefore to write the gomblaints."

New Lighthouse Lantern.

From the Kennebec Journal.

The big lantern for the Ram Island lighthouse has arrived in Portland, and what nobody has known up to date, it is the only one of its kind that has ever been put into use, in the United States at least.

The entire framework is of tobin bronze, which has been used in preference to iron. The new lantern was shipped in two different cars, the aggregate weight of all the material was over 26,000 pounds, and it came boxed up in crates. Each piece was in a separate wrapping and all placed in the two cars which were then sealed.

SAVORIES IN THE DEEP WOODS

NEVER COULD BE BETTER MEALS THAN THE GUIDE COOKS.

Bouillon Made With Birch Partridges—Fat Hares of Autumn—Woodchuck Soup—Meat Cooked in the Stone Oven—Venison Baked in Clay, Fish in Leaves

LACHINE, Canada, Oct. 1.—Nut brown October, with its dark tints upon field and forest, will send shoals of sportsmen to an outdoor life in the woods. Modern science has dissipated many of the hardships and incidentally some of the pleasures of their temporary return to the life once natural to mankind, but pleasures enough remain. The factory men now send everything put upon woodland dining tables, from the consommé to the pudding, in capsules, cans or bottles especially adapted to transportation to camp. Steam or electricity shortens the distances to favorite shooting places. The telegraph wires follow right into the heart of the wilds.

Even the northland guides have been affected by scientific advance. Combination cooking outfits, dodges in table cutlery, self-raising flour, cartridge filling tools, repeating rifles, are to be found in the *cabanes* of most of them.

But there is a science of outdoor cookery, based upon an intimate knowledge of natural supply and human want, which is still untouched by latter day invention, and which constitutes a good part of the charm of the hunting trip. The guide shows the way to comfort, as well as to the game sought for.

The inimitable dish of the guide-cook is his pot of bouillon. It may be served in a tasse of birch bark, folded square, with a tiny peg at each end to hold it together, or in tin dishes carried in the pack. The guides are better pleased when you use the woodland receptacle, which is to be pitched into the fire when one has done with it.

The best bouillon is probably that which has birch partridge for its foundation. The birds are not plucked, but skinned until the deep, meaty chests can be removed. Heads, legs, wings and skin are thrown to the dogs, for it is from these portions that bitterness not agreeable to everybody may steal into the flavor. A tiny bit of pork is added to give the necessary fat and to soften the muscular meat.

Perhaps the guide has gathered a sponge-like white fungus from some hardwood tree root. If so, he will add it to his concoction, to give the mushroom taste. If not, he will have an onion to slice into it, or possibly a little bit of wild leek. Salt and pepper are shaken in, and a good, long, steady boiling is given to the pot.

When about three parts done, if hard tack (that is, ship's biscuit) has been taken along, three or four of these and some loose crumbs are dropped in to thicken the bouillon. The French Canadian guides are cunning in their provision and use of potherbs, which add to the savoriness. In any case, the lifting of the cover of the saucepan allows the escape of such an appetizing aroma that it is no wonder that bears have been known to sniff it half a mile away, and to hasten with watering lips to inquire the cause.

Just at this time of the year, when they are fat, and their flesh has not become astringent and acrid, hares form a good constituent for bouillon. The fastidious guide will probably soak them in salt or warm water, to take off the wild flavor. Then, dismembering them, he will put in a scant supply of water, cover his chaudron, or iron pot, with its almost airtight lid, and let it simmer all night, beside the embers, or in a hole under them.

In the morning a white sauce known as milk gravy is made with fat, flour and milk—condensed, if far away from cattle—and poured into the pot. Toasted bread or biscuits are laid on top to parboil or steam. A dash of whiskey blanc is thrown in at the last moment, and there is ready a tasty breakfast dish which will sustain strength and courage far into the day.

But hares are not as tasty nor as fat as are the squat and stupid porcupines. Brought to a boil and the water thrown out, then boiled gently for an hour, with a few shoots of second growth marsh marigold leaves, herbs and an onion, thickened with flour and well seasoned, there are few dishes more satisfactory than bouillon of porcupine.

If game is scarce the guides will make a *soup maigre* with fish and pan grease, which is not at all bad, for Friday faring. A favorite bouillon is made with fish, or their heads only; frogs' legs, red or gray squirrels, the loin only of woodchuck, anything else which is handy, and a bit of bacon.

The guides will not attempt roasting, unless they have a good bed of live hardwood coals. Alongside the fire, on either side, logs are placed, on which rest the ends of the sticks on which birds or joints are spitted. A careful watcher is necessary to keep the spits turned now and then and to prevent flaring from the dripping of fat.

Sometimes the spit is a supple stick, one end pushed into the ground at an angle, the other end suspending the roast over the fire.

The Indian, to whom time is no object, makes for himself an oven, as his forefathers did before him. With six good sized stones, each having at least one comparatively smooth face, he builds his square or oblong box, in which he burns hard wood, until it is full of burning embers. He then lifts off the top, throws down one side, and with a handful of boughs brushes out the red hot cinders, washing the stones if necessary.

Then spitting the meat to be baked, he places one end of his stick in the ground so that the roast hangs in the middle of the oven. Replacing the side stone again, the stick passing through one corner joint, he puts on the stone lid and piles branches, then sods, over all. The heat of the surrounding stones cooks the meat evenly, and though there is sure to be ventilation the oven does not allow much of the flavor to escape.

The advantage of this plan lies in the possibility of wrapping a strip of pork around game, which is often lean and dry, and of assuring a proper basting of the meat without risk of starting scorching flames. A bit of pork is generally stuffed into partridges or ducks, so baked, and adds greatly to their food value.

As a rule the Indian oven plan is tried at night and the top is removed in the morning, when the birds are found to be beautifully cooked and ready to be eaten cold.

But the frying pan is the great stand-by of the guides. In it the fish just out of the water are fried, and sent to the hunters, brown and swollen, the meat showing through the transverse scores cut into their sides before cooking, to allow the grease to permeate it. Or the liver of the deer just carried in, if free from clinging leeches or blemish, is prepared in it and served with slices of pork on fried toast, the dish of which the liver and bacon of city hotels is a feeble imitation.

Perhaps the cook plucks his partridges, and then cuts them in halves lengthwise. Laying each half on a bit of bark upon a log, he will pound it with the side of his axe until it is only half an inch thick. This breaks the long fibres of the meat, and makes it tender, digestible and very tasty when fried in plenty of fat, or stewed in the pan.

When the law allowed the killing of beavers, as it does not now in this province, their flat tails were first hung over the fire to expel the surplus grease, and then skinned, and gently cooked in the pan or spider. Probably this was the choicest tidbit of the woods, but like that other luxury, the massive gelatinous muzzle of the moose—too valuable to eat in these head hunting times—it is not to be enjoyed by present day sportsmen.

Most guides have a curious prejudice concerning bread or biscuit. They will toast or otherwise prepare and use it, but they say that it is not strengthening enough for the heavy work of carrying packs and working around the camp. They must have their galette at least twice a day. This is made of flour, a shortening of pork grease and a leavening of soda or baking powder. It is well kneaded and then flattened out to the thinness of a man's hand, fried in the pan and eaten hot.

Why it does not bring on bilious indigestion no one knows, but the guides will make a heavy meal upon galette, and then go comfortably to a night's unbroken rest in the open, after their smoke.

At times, fish or small game are wrapped in bark, or leaves, and baked loose in the hot soil, or in the embers, and occasionally a sort of jumper bread is cooked that way. Like the gypsies of Europe, the Indians also endow unplucked ducks and partridges in a thick coating of blue clay which is baked to a brick in the fire. It is then cracked, and the cooked bird lifted out, leaving the singed feathers in the clay. But no other bird than the woodcock is really very good cooked that way.

On the other hand, a loin or ham of venison is greatly improved by being so cooked, though it requires some faith in the process to stand by unmoved when the beautiful meat is being enclosed in the clay.

Moose meat cut into joints, or steaks, is bettered by suspending it for about two days in the smoke of the campfire just out of the heat, and loses any obnoxious flavor it may have acquired from the feeding of the animal. The steaks and chops are generally cooked in a very hot frying pan, not much greased until both sides are slightly scorched, to prevent the juices from running out. It is delicious meat when so cooked.

The other parts of the big deer these sagacious guides bake in their tightly closed chaudron ovens, and they are usually so tender as to be not much more than coagulated gravy when served.

No hunter who has had good guides and has allowed these experienced men to have their way about meals ever agreed with Byron that the devil sent cooks. Fair men of sound digestion find that there is no fare which has better staying power and is more seasonably agreeable than that which they get on their autumnal jaunts in the woods.

FAKE SHOWS IN CHINATOWN.

DEVISED BY SAN FRANCISCO GUIDES FOR THE TOURIST.

Opium Dens and Other Places Filled With Low Caste Whites and Mongols Hired to Exhibit Oriental Vices—The Chinese Consul-General Enters a Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1.—One of the show places in this city by the Golden Gate which all Eastern tourists visit is Chinatown.

This quarter, which is about eight blocks long by three wide, lies in the choicest part of the city, under California and Clay street hills, sheltered from the prevailing ocean winds and having a fine outlook on the bay. The Chinese have gradually extended the quarter by leasing a few buildings in a block and then forcing all the tenants in that block to leave, as no white people, save the low Italians and Portuguese, can long endure close contact with the Mongolian.

Once the Chinese quarter was very dirty and far more picturesque than it is to-day, but the threat of bubonic plague forced the city authorities to enforce sanitary laws, and now the quarter reeks of chloride of lime and is probably as healthful as it can be made.

For years it has been the custom for local white guides to take parties of tourists through Chinatown and show them all the sights for $1 or $1.50 a head. When women are in the party the route is shorter and some peculiar features are cut out. But when there is a stag party all the vices of Oriental life, with some that have been grafted on in the Occident, are shown to the curious visitor.

Singularly enough, the first emphatic protest against this public exhibition of Chinese vice comes from the Chinese Consul-General, Chung Pao Shi. He is disgusted with this attempt to cast discredit on his race, and in a letter to the Police Commissioners he calls attention to the fact that many features exhibited by these Chinatown guides are purely theatrical and are devised solely for the purpose of separating the credulous tourist from his coin.

Thus he charges that most of the opium dens which are shown to the tourist belong to the guides, who have fitted up these places and who hire depraved whites and Chinese to smoke opium for the delectation of the visitors. It is even charged that many of the so-called opium fiends are bad actors who smoke substitutes for opium which cost less than the real drug.

In the same way some horrible specimens of lepers are said to be merely painted up for show purposes, as it is against the law for a leper to be at large outside the pest house. Even the swell Chinese banquets which are shown are said to be spurious, as the costly dishes like humming birds' tongues, peacocks' brains, sharks' fins and other Oriental delicacies are manufactured locally from macaroni.

The familiar features of the tour—the joss houses, restaurants, finely furnished rooms of the Six Companies, the telephone exchange, the big curio stores, the little-footed women and the children who sing Christian hymns in their shrill falsetto voices—all these are real. But the Consul-General asserts that the other shows, which pretend to unearth the vices of the Orient, are fakes, and should be suppressed, as they serve to give the public a false idea of Chinese life and they are calculated to prejudice the American people against his race.

The Consul also complains that men dressed as police officers and wearing the police star frequently take visitors through Chinatown. He urges the Police Commissioner to put a stop to this caricature, as no police officer is permitted to serve as a guide.

This complaint of the Chinese Consul-General is just, and probably the Police Commissioner will investigate the matter and put an end to the revenue producing frauds of the licensed guides. Chinese life is evil enough without having its foulness exaggerated for the sake of profit.

The moral standards of the Orient are not Occidental standards, and in the old days before the Chinese quarter was reformed there were some ugly exhibitions of Mongolian vice. But these places have been broken up, and aside from the dens which the guides maintain for show purposes, the quarter is free from open and flagrant vice. The gambling places which also used to run openly are now hidden behind barred doors, and only one who possesses the password can reach the places where the household servants of San Francisco spend their evenings in the delights of fantan and other games.

In fact the Chinese quarter is now very peaceful and precise, and it is probably for this reason that the guides have been forced to add some theatrical embellishments for the consumption of the credulous tourist. They did a roaring business during the Templar conclave, and they have also driven a profitable trade this week with the Odd Fellows. Doubtless they will make a strong fight to preserve a tourist entertainment which yields them large returns on their investment.

Parrot Had Fancy for Jewels.

Paris Correspondent London Telegraph.

M. Carcenat, a jeweller in the Rue Lecourbe, discovered that a number of precious stones had disappeared from his stock, and at once reported the matter to M. Raynaud, Commissioner of Police.

On the visit of the latter to the shop, in order to conduct an inquiry, he was at once struck by the chattering of a parrot, which was moving freely around the shop, and it occurred to him that the parrot might be the thief. He accordingly communicated his suspicions to the jeweller, and the latter, while stoutly maintaining the innocence of the bird, agreed to have an emetic administered. The result was that the parrot disgorged over £200 worth of diamonds and precious stones. In future the delinquent will be chained to his perch.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN SONG:

We're Satisfied With Teddy.

By MONROE H. ROSENFELD.